MIA

by GarudaX

Summary: A little short, yes, but it's my first story. I'm just getting warmed up here. Rated M for a few naughty words.

MIA

I always thought the Spartan IVs were the best there was. My name is Anthony, my serial number is F213, and my armor is a gray with a dark green as a secondary color. My armor configuration is the standard Air Assault and my emblem is a rooster. My team members never really understood why I chose the rooster instead of something else, like the wasp. I guess it has to do with luck or something. My weapon of choice: the DMR. In every war games match, no one could touch me with it at long range. So, it was only natural that I was chosen for a recon on this mysterious new planet. The UNSC Infinity was on station in case anything went wrong. Commander Sarah Palmer ordered me and three marines to board the next Pelican out. "Charlie 614 at your service Spartan". Palmer's last words to me that day were "Good luck, out", before I was departed from Infinity.

Awakening from the crash, I look around. The Pelican is totaled and the entire crew is dead. My suit saved me, but barely. Damn, my shields don't work. I hope the bio-foam injectors work or I'll be in some trouble. Gee, a swamp? Out of all the places I could've crashed, the ship goes down in a swamp!? I better get the situation ascertained. "Let's see. Shields are out. Comms are out. I am completely alone, fuck." I grab my trusty DMR and sling it on my back before setting out. That's just great. My scope is cracked. I hope my HUD still works. Luckily, it does. I take the time to synchronize the scope to my HUD and silence the constant beeping from the shield warning. As I walk through the swamp, it ends and merges into a wide plain. Well, that's just wonderful. There's absolutely nothing here I could care about. I quickly set up a temporary camp and sit under one of the trees there. It seemed to resemble those of Birch back on Earth. After a short ready-to-eat meal, I put my helmet back on and doze off in a shallow crevice in the ground. I must've really crashed because I awake in a purple room. I get up to try to run, but hit an

energy barrier. I then realize that I had been captured and put into a small cell in the back of a Lich. The Sangheili guard notices straight away and glares at me before I realize that he's trying to tell me that trying to escape is a fool's gamut. Storm Covenant? What could they possibly want on such a desolate planet? After the guard walks off to tend to other matters, I hear static and voices in my helmet. "You're breaking up, say again?" No answer. About an hour later, I notice the Lich touching down near a Covenant encampment. The guard comes back with a funny looking baton in his hand. He disables the shield door and hits me with his baton, knocking me out.

"Come in, Charlie 614! Come in!", Palmer yelled in desperation. Captain Lasky rested his hand on her left shoulder and shook his head. "They're gone. Nothing we can do", Lasky said. Commander Palmer sighed and squeezed her temple. "But, what if he's still alive, Captain?", Palmer asked. "I hardly think anyone could survive a crash like that", Lasky said. "But, he's a Spartan, and a highly capable one at that.", she reminded him. She looks out of Infinity's bridge window and said, "There's probably still a chance". "Alright, I'll consider a rescue op, but if you're so sure, then you can lead it, Commander", Lasky admitted. "Yes, sir", Palmer said. She left the bridge to assemble a rescue team. "Alright, we have a situation on our hands.", Palmer said. "We are to assemble immediately for a rescue op. Fireteam Crimson, get prepped; we're getting our feet dirty!"

I wake up with a woozy feeling and find my helmet off. I rest on my elbow and look around. A nearby Sangheili notices and seemed to say something equivalent to, "Our prisoner has awakened." Two of them converge to restrain me. I look down and only just noticed how sloppy their planning was. They must've been excited to get their hands on an actual Spartan. Within the next few seconds, I jump from the table and nail the first Elite in the face and disable the other, breaking his hip. Before the guard can react, I rip the energy dagger from the dead Elite's wrist and throw it into the guard's neck. I put on my helmet, pick the Carbine off of the floor and run for my life into the nearest hill, although, not before foraging ammunition from the bodies. They must've tinkered with my helmet because the HUD stopped working altogether. Even though I thought it would be fun to pick off those annoying Jackals and cowardly Grunts, I know that priority comes first. I take off my helmet, opened up a small panel in the back and tried a couple things to try to get it to work again. I must have done _something_ right because I had established contact with Infinity again, albeit, with limited connection. "Infinity, come in. Do you read?" "Infinity copies, over.", I hear, with a slight level of astonishment in the controller's voice. "I need immediate evac. It looks like this isn't any ordinary planet. Covenant have set up a small base just west of my position, over." "Copy your last. Palmer already has a team looking for you and it looks like we also have a fix on your location." After waiting for what seems like an agonizing eternity, relief fills me as I hear the nearby jets of a Pelican. In the distance I see two of them. "What's the second one for?", I ask. Infinity replies, "Close air support". Fireteam Majestic must've come to investigate the area too because as soon as I was picked up, the other Pelican touched down and dropped them off. Crimson accompanied.

Aboard Infinity once again, I'm taken to the med-bay for examination. Upon my diagnosis, the doctor says, "It looks like you've suffered

from internal bleeding and received a high dose of radiation. Nothing serious, but it looks like you'll be here for a bit." I nodded and he left the room. Shortly thereafter, I am allowed to leave and don my undergarment for my armor. Palmer walks up to me and tells me the news. "I see you came out of it none the worse for wear, huh?" I let myself chuckle a bit. Her face straightened again. "Fireteams Crimson and Majestic have uncovered something and it isn't pretty. By the looks of it, it is a smaller version of the Composer destroyed by the Master Chief just seven months earlier. Not as deadly, but still a threat. We need you and everyone else to remain on full alert." "Yes, ma'am!", I give a crisp salute and walk off. In the crew rest area, I sigh and let myself relax after a long day. "Hey, how's it going? I heard you got caught asleep.", another guy says. My face almost went red when half of the team found out. I knew it was a joke, but still. Compelled by thirst, I walk over to the vending machine to get myself a BLAST soda. "You should've seen Majestic at War Games earlier today. They got their asses handed to 'em!". I laugh while swallowing resulting in soda getting into my nose. "Ha!", I coughed, nearly choking. Soon after, we all make our way to the bunks for the night. It wasn't until I heard a _bang _and felt the entire ship shake that I knew something was wrong.

Author's Notes

Thank you for reading. I hope you liked it, as this is my very first story I'm posting at the moment, and if you don't know, BLAST is a soda found in Halo 2 in a vending machine in the map Tombstone. I left this at a cliffhanger so you can form your own conclusions, or, if you aren't satisfied enough, I can finish it if you'd really like. I'm interested in other video games too besides Halo, so don't expect me to have something like this all the time. _Constructive_ criticism would be appreciated. I can't correct the story if all you're doing is hating on it.

End
file.